

## Literary News and Criticism

### Mountaineering on This Continent.

A SEARCH FOR THE APEX OF AMERICA. High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia, including the Conquest of Huascarán. With Some Observations on the Country and People Below. By Annie S. Peck, M. A. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. xviii, 238. Doubleday, Mead & Co.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. New and Old Trails. By A. P. Coleman, Ph. D., F. R. S., Professor of Geology in the University of Toronto. With 3 maps and 41 illustrations. 8vo, pp. 359. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Two voices are there, each a mighty one. Wordsworth has told us. That of the sea called Miss Peck first, but after a visit to Switzerland she changed her allegiance forever. She began by climbing "little mountains" there and in Greece, then Cloud's Rest and Mount Shasta, in

while to quote her publishers' statement of her achievement on Huascarán: "Miss Peck reached an altitude 15,000 feet higher than Mount McKinley."

Professor Coleman's book chronicles no record climb, only an attempt to conquer Mount Robson, abandoned within 2,000 feet of the top, but it is throughout a joyous story of the out-of-doors in the Selkirk and the Canadian Rockies during a number of vacations, from 1884 to 1908. The author incidentally notes the progress of the settlement of the Canadian Northwest during that period. In 1884, for instance, Calgary was a typical frontier settlement of a thousand inhabitants, which had only recently "pulled up stakes" and bodily crossed the Elbow River to establish itself on the line of the Canadian Pacific.

Just what the city lived on was not clear

Rockies, the author says that they were practically useless except in tracking strayed ponies and in following poorly marked trails, but even in that they were surpassed by a white man employed on another occasion. One of these Indians was called Mark Two-Young Men, a husky youth who more than justified his name at meal times. It was an old and experienced plainsman, by the way, who told Professor Coleman that "it's a decent country where there are coyotes."

One cannot help returning to the cayuses, the author's studies of them are so delightfully sympathetic and understanding. There is the struggle for precedence among the pack ponies at the start, since the lead insures immunity from the driver's whip, and consequent liberty of action in the matter of browsing and dawdling. In camp,

Lucius's three-year-old pet mare, Belle, amused and annoyed us. She had absolutely no fear of man, came right up to the tent and leaped over the fire, rubbing her head against us to wipe off flies, and behaving as if the camp generally were intended for her convenience. She was greatly in the way at bannock baking times and was alert to pick up stray pieces of bread, being put in the pocket. Anything in the way of punishment short of an actual beating she took most goodnaturedly and never allowed it to interfere with her friendly attitude toward the family.

The scientist in Professor Coleman steps occasionally from behind the entertaining, observant, enthusiastic lover of Nature's beauties and the obstacles she puts in the way of those who would seek them and worship at the shrine. Thus he explains the reason of the sanctity of gold in the Rockies, which is because they are so young, geologically speaking, dating only from the beginning of the tertiary. Consequently, "the gold was transported out over the plains before the folds and faults which raised the Rocky Mountains had begun." The closing chapter on "The Building of the Rockies" is a good example of the sound yet entertaining "popularization" of science.

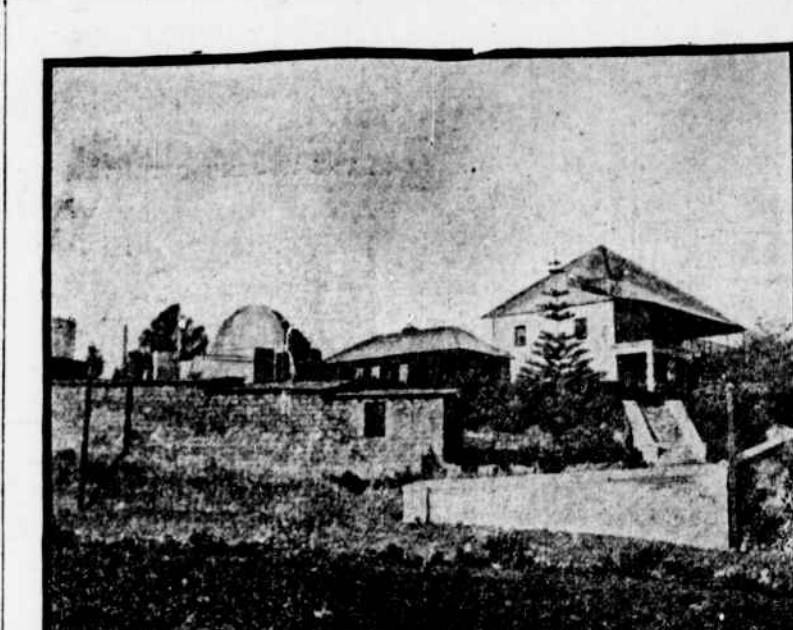
Mountaineers in search of dangerous, gruelling climbs can find abundant gratification for their passion in the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirk, Professor Coleman assures them—on Assiniboine, for instance, and Mount Robson, whose top has thus far been reached by only one man. To the north of the Canadian Pacific Railroad there is still a *terra incognita* of peaks and valleys, but everywhere the country affords magnificent ascents and exhilarating scrambling of a less strenuous kind. The author succeeds throughout in getting into his pages the atmosphere of the region and its health-giving delights. His illustrations, from drawings and photographs, are as good and alluring as his text.

### THE LATER ROMAN EMPIRE

A Popular Book on a Neglected Subject.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE. The Re-arranged of European Civilization. By Edward Ford. With 22 full-page illustrations from photographs. 8vo, pp. xlii, 432. The Macmillan Company.

The history of the empire of the East is in the general historic consciousness nothing but a record of debilitated luxury and corruption, of rapidly and steadily progressing disintegration, a sort of "tail end" to the story of imperial Roman decadence. Of the services and the significance of this empire to Western Europe, of its periods of rehabilitation, of its value as the centre and the guardian of civilization during the Dark and early Middle Ages, of its place in the long and ever unfinished chapter dealing with the struggle between East and West, be-



HARVARD OBSERVATORY, AREQUIPA, PERU.  
(From an illustration in "A Search for the Apex of America.")

occupy the author for but a page or two. His history properly begins with the rebuilding of the city and its choice as the capital of the Eastern empire by Constantine, who called it New Rome. In reality it bore his name practically from the beginning of his reign.

In the course of his narrative the author rehabilitates many a reputation besides that of Theodora, the public performer and courtesan who became an empress, and he rescues others from unmerited oblivion. Indeed, it is Western Europe that he places on trial. Here is his pen picture of the first Crusaders: "They were mostly barbarians of a type not at all above the Teutonic invaders of the empire in the fifth century; their leaders were as illiterate, as nearly as coarse and brutal as their followers. They had not the remotest conception of civilized peace and order; they were so poor that even had they been willing to buy their food they had not the means. The leaders some of them at least—were anxious to keep the peace, but even the best of them could ill comprehend a state of things in which life was sacred and property secure."

The civilization of the West was but little better a century later, when the Crusaders under Baldwin of Flanders and Bonifacio of Montserrat sacked Constantinople at the instigation of the crafty Enrico Dandolo, the doge who was the real destroyer of the Byzantine Empire, and whose shortsighted policy, benedicting the power of Venice for the moment, ultimately placed the republic at the mercy of the Turks. He is, and deservedly, the *l'âne noir* of Mr. Ford's narrative. "Italians and French alike," he adds, "showed that in 1204 they were barbarians—and barbarians of a very low type."

Throughout, indeed, there is presented in these pages evidence of the superiority of the civilization of the Byzantine Empire over that of Western Europe. The author recapitulates it in the end. There was cruelty, there were immorality and luxury and frivolity, treachery and cowardice, but not in such measure as to be named as the distinguishing features of the civilization of the Empire of the East. Neither can incompetence or cowardice be charged against its people and rulers as indiscriminately as has been often done. Life and property were secure, and commerce flourished. Notwithstanding its incessant wars, the empire never became a military state; education was fostered, hospitals and orphanages were found throughout the realm. And "when we find a Postmaster General and a Minister of Charitable Institutions among the officials, we feel that we are indeed in a state which, with all its faults, is civilized in the true sense of the word." For eight hundred years, thus Mr. Ford concludes, the Byzantine Empire was the shield of Europe. It beat back the invaders from the East, while the Western states were making progress toward strength and solidity. In an age of utter darkness it preserved the traditions of science, art and literature, though constantly engaged in a desperate struggle against Persians, Saracens, Seljuks and Ottomans—the enemies of all that is best in the world. The Byzantine Empire "died as it had lived, deserted and betrayed, but in its last agony, as in the days of its splendor and glory, the rearguard of Christian civilization."

### FICTION

#### The Super-Youth in American Novels.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF KRAG. By Eugene F. Lyle, Jr. Hind and the Boy. E. B. Falls, 12mo, pp. 321. Doubleday, Page & Co.

It is but natural that our current minor fiction, chiefly destined for the Young Person, and often written by a Young Person as well, in mind at least, if not necessarily in years—it is but natural that this kind of fiction should pay tribute to the Super-Youth, employing the Superman merely in order to bring about his discomfiture, defeat or conversion by his prodigious junior. Mr. Lyle's Krag is a Super-Youth raised to the 10th power, a mere boy yet when he takes his vow of revenge upon a decidedly minor and commonplace Superman of finance. His is a sort of premature, Jekyll and Hyde existence, but in the end the good he does that evil may come defeat his wicked aim. The tradition of youth, of immaturity of years combined with tremendous maturity of purpose once accepted, however, the story has undeniable merits as strenuous romance, after the tenuous atmosphere of its first chapters has been passed. Its plot is invented with great ingenuity and its scene selected with a clear eye for the picturesque. Krag's revenge upon his father-in-law for an insult offered him in the earliest days of his courtship is to lead to the man's financial ruin. It takes the youth among the Yaquis in the Mexican desert in search of one of the lost silver mines of the Spanish conquerors. The story itself must be left to the reader; it would be impossible to suggest its complications in bald outline here. Suffice it to say that in its treatment, in the use made of its background under the burning sun of the desert, the author loses none of the opportunities his invention offers.

#### A DICKENS PORTRAIT.

From The Knickerbocker, August, 1839. In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight, without being meagre, and is well proportioned. "The face, that first object of physical interest, is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, and his eye, though not large, is bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which

ful of personal episodes and anecdotes, and contain delightful side lights that make one familiar with some of the most interesting men and women who figured in the early days of the Third Republic. The chapters entitled "Le Boulevard et les Boulevardiers" present vivid character sketches of Emile Augier, Albert Glatigny, Dumas fils, Victor Hugo, Armand Silvestre, Flaubert, Henner, Vacquerie, Alphonse Daudet, Georges Bizet, Félicien Rops, Aurélien Scholl, Barbey d'Aurevilly, André Gill, Paul Baudry, La Palva, Mme. Musard, Carlotta Grisi, Louis Blanc, Mme. Drouet, Catulle Mendès, Henri Rochefort and Anatole France. There are very amusing descriptions of cosy little dinners given by Victor Hugo and his charming and inseparable companion, Mme. Drouet, in their apartment in the Rue de Clichy.

After his return from exile Victor Hugo always had a sneaking nostalgia for Guernsey. "It was at Guernsey," he said, "that I wrote my best book." "Which one?" asked Charles Monselet. "L'Année Qui Rit," was the answer. Hugo detested tobacco in every shape and form; therefore his bonemien guests were obliged to climb up to the garret to smoke their after dinner "weeds" or pipes. At about 10:30 o'clock, just before retiring, the poet and his friends used to sit down to table again for a light supper. Hugo would then mix his favorite "grog." He would take a huge medieval "hanap," which he would fill half way up with powdered sugar, cinnamon and hot water. He would add a pint of old claret, the juice of two oranges and a small tumbler of Martellique rum. This mixture he stirred with a big wooden spoon, sipping the "elixir," as he called it, until bedtime.

At one of these informal gatherings the poet once remarked: "I often feel

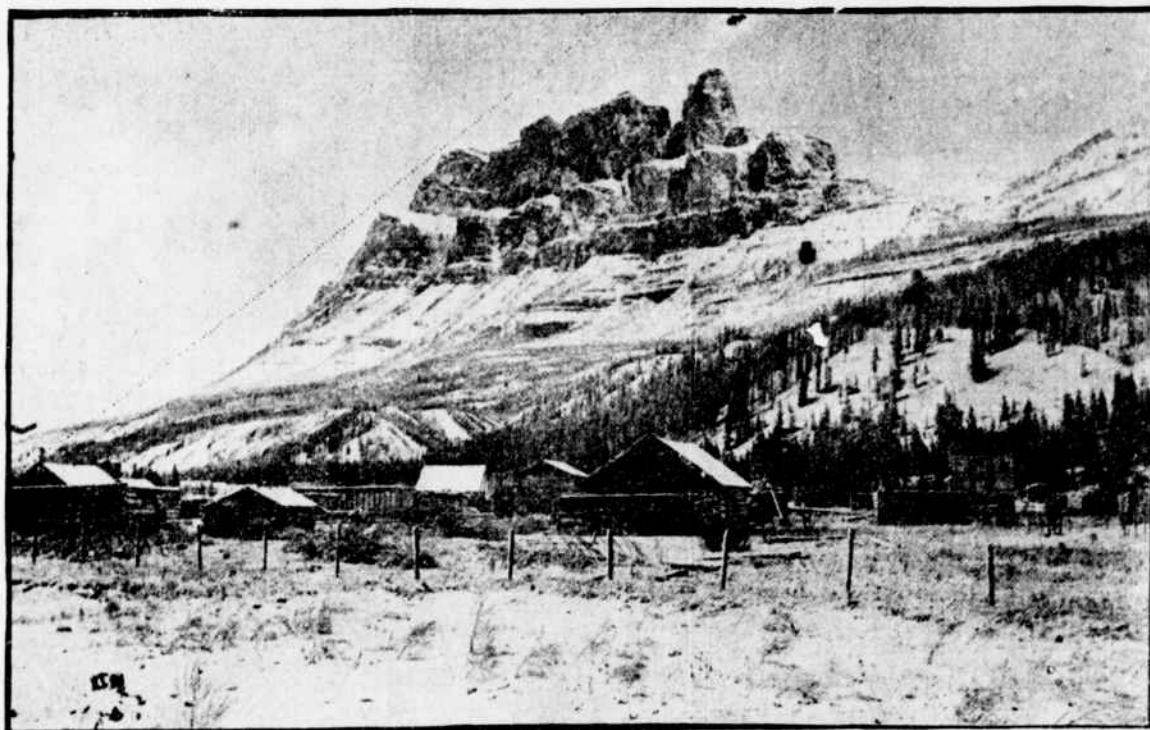
### LITERARY NOTES.

"The Elements of Dramatic Craftsmanship," announced by Chapman & Hall, of London, will undoubtedly find an American publisher, since it is the work of that eminent dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer. The book is announced as "a study of the modern drama in its relation to contemporary society."

"Who's Who in the Theatre." "Who's not who nowadays?" the cynics ask—Mr. Andrew Lang among their numbers. Nevertheless, these publications, their often amusing revelations of personal weaknesses and vanities apart, have abundantly proved their right of existence by their usefulness, especially in newspaper offices. There certainly is room for "Who's Who in the Theatre," announced for early publication in England. This new annual will cover the British, American and Continental stage, its scope including dramatists and managers as well as actors and actresses.

#### Colonial Houses of Philadelphia.

The J. E. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, purposes to publish, in a limited edition, a work on "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia and Its Neighborhood," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. Among the various town houses to be treated will be the Morris, Powell, Wharton, Sergeant, Caspar Wistar, Bishop White, General Moyal, Blackwell and Bingham houses. Among the country seats, besides the more famous places like the Cliveden, Laurel Hill, Stenton and The Woodlands, a number of the lesser known seats will be included, such as Wyck, Wakefield, Carlton, Spring Bank and Loudoun, in the Germantown dis-



CASTLE MOUNT.

(From an illustration in "The Canadian Rockies: New and Old Trails.")

age, but does not look more than twenty-three or twenty-four. Mr. Dickens is entirely self-made, and rose from an humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius and his industry.

### VICTOR HUGO

Some Anecdotes Told by M. Emile Bergerat.

Paris, January 25. M. Emile Bergerat, the Nestor of Parisian newspaper reporters, has completed the second volume of his "Souvenirs d'un Enfant de Paris," just published by Fasquelle. It covers the period of nine years from 1872 to 1880. These reminiscences are written in a youthful, effervescent, frolicsome style, are brim-

tempted to follow Dante's example and write an "Enfer," simply for the pleasure that it would give me to place Jean Nicoit, the 'inventor' of tobacco, in the hellish circle of poisoners." The author of the "Châtiments" had a strong dislike for Zola. Speaking one evening about the novel "L'Assommoir," he suggested that "Restif de la Bretonne has already exhausted the subjects so dear to this young man, who is certainly clever in his way, but ought to read every morning a chapter of Aeschylus." The signal for the end of these little suppers was usually given by Mme. Drouet, who rose from her chair, when the poet would accompany his guests to the door, never forgetting to wrap up the pretty women carefully in their cloaks and scarfs, kissing them, as he did so, with patriarchal fervor.

C. I. B.

#### Lady Castlemaine.

It is strange that no biography of Barbara Villiers has been written; now it was to be expected that the oversight would be remedied in this day of the writing of much more or less sensational historical biography. "My Lady Castlemaine," by Philip Sergeant, is announced in England, and no doubt will soon find an American publisher. Her ladyship lives in history as one of the fairest of the frail beauties of the court of Charles II. She had more political influence than usually falls to women of her class, for she was responsible for the dismissal of Clarendon and of Ralph Montagu, Ambassador at Paris. Mr. Secretary Pepys has a good deal to say about her, and so had other contemporary gossip.

#### Long Lived Translations.

Not so very long ago a new edition of the English translation of Aeneas Silvius "On the Heights" was announced by the Messrs. Holt, who first published it in this country forty years ago. Now they are issuing a tenth impression of Taine's "Lectures on Art," the first series, originally brought out by them thirty-seven years ago. The case of the novels of the late Louise Mühlbach, which have been in current demand since Civil War days, may be recalled here once more. The palm of longevity in this field probably belongs, however, to Montaigne, whose English version of "Don Quixote" (1701) is still to be had in many forms, including the handy Dent thin paper edition.

#### The Taste of Novelists.

That the taste of distinguished English novelists, whether men or women, lies in the direction of a well told romantic story is the opinion of a writer in the London "Morning Post." This, he claims, is shown by recent awards of prizes for "best novels." Last year, he writes, Mrs. Steel, Miss Cholmondeley and Mrs. de la Pasture gave a prize of £250 to Miss Patricia Wentworth for her romance, "A Marriage Under the Terror," and now, in a similar contest, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Mr. William J. Locke give first place to a story of romantic adventure with a historical background, "The House of Lieman," a tale of Ireland at the time of the English Revolution and the betrayal of the Treaty of Limerick.

#### A Little Misunderstanding.

At a recent lecture at the London Institution on "Literary Blunders," Dr. Smythe-Palmer gave some amusing instances. He told, among others, of a scene in the House of Commons caused by the word "hind" in its old sense of an agricultural laborer. "Thinking that some four-footed creature was meant, Mr. Joseph Arch arose in bitter resentment on behalf of his class, and retorted by calling the Hon. Member a 'goat.'"



MISS PECK, SCIENTIST, TWO SWISS GUIDES.  
(From an illustration in "A Search for the Apex of America.")

California, the 14,000 feet of the latter awakening in her a new ambition, which found its crowning fulfillment in her record ascent of Mount Huascarán, in Peru, in 1908, till then untrodden by man—or woman. Indeed, the fame of her sex was one of Miss Peck's incitements to her doughty deeds.

This narrative of her South American travels and climbs stands apart in the literature of mountaineering. A record of perseverance in the face of repeated failures, of indomitable pluck in discouraging circumstances, it reveals its author also as the possessor of an enviable optimism and of a saving sense of humor. It was only on her fifth and her sixth—and successful—attempts on Huascarán that she could afford to engage the services of two Swiss guides; on her earlier climbs she was accompanied by amateurs, who invariably failed her at the critical moment. It was thus with "the Professor," with an Austrian resident in Peru, and with an American adventurer, sailor and miner both; it was thus also with a South American gentleman who was recommended to her as altogether desirable, though slightly "loco," this shortcoming evidently being considered as a recommendation rather than the reverse by Miss Peck's indolent southern hosts, who, she suspects, considered her somewhat "loco" herself. Of all the men who accompanied her, including her Swiss guides, she observes:

One of the chief difficulties in a woman's undertaking an expedition of this nature is that every man believes he knows better what should be done than she. The Indians are not aggressive, and are likely to do as they are bidden; though even these, in descending below the snow, urged their own notions of the proper route, in opposition to my experience. The crazy man, in 1908, was confident that two days on the snow supplied him with complete and superior knowledge; while my companions in Bolivia believed that they could give me points in all matters, whatever my experience and their lack. It is not strange, therefore, that the Swiss guides should conclude that my three abortive efforts counted for nothing in comparison with their judgment.

Miss Peck's narrative begins with her failure to climb Mount Sorata, in Colombia, in 1903, and with her all but successful second ascent of that peak in the following year. It includes, also, accounts of her trip to the sources of the Amazon, of a visit to the prehistoric ruins of Peru, and of two minor climbs. Huascarán, her trophy, established the highest record reached by mountaineers on this continent.

A delightful feature of this book is its incidental descriptions of the places and regions visited by Miss Peck on the way to and from the mountains, and of the life of the people in town and country. Those who have visited the west coast of South America and travelled on muleback or horseback through its mountains will recognize at a glance the fidelity of these sketches. In Lima the author met an American, who had been so long resident there that he seemed almost like a native:

He would doubtless elicit encomiums from our worthy ex-President on having been the proud father of twenty-eight children, as he himself informed me, of the same mother in twenty-four years, only one pair of twins. It may be unnecessary to state that his wife was a Peruvian, or that she is dead.

On being deserted by her first white companion Miss Peck decided to try again alone, with only Indian and cholo carriers, who, she was assured, were absolutely trustworthy. So she made a truly feminine choice. "Engaged," she says, "a fatherly looking arriero with a nice, kind face, upon whom I felt I could rely."

It is rather curious to learn that this champion mountain climber not only never took the trouble of getting into condition for her arduous expeditions, but that, as a rule, she left New York more or less of a physical wreck. The sea trip sufficed to provide her with the necessary energy and stamina. Her equipment, too, usually left much to be desired, and she had to improvise on the spot the proper clothing and footwear for her native followers. It may be worth



PART OF IVORY DIPTYCH OF A ROMAN CONSUL, A. D. 518.  
(From an illustration in "The Byzantine Empire.")

taining individualities in his pages. The account of a canoe trip up the Columbia is inspiring; in fact, throughout Professor Coleman succeeds in making his reader one of his companions, and in awakening in him a strong desire to follow his example. Here is virgin soil, with all its charm and lure, its freshness and "exquisite loneliness," a region whose exploration is, moreover, not too strenuous and exacting for all but the sturdiest of visitors. And though Professor Coleman and his companions were only incidentally hunters, he bears ample evidence to the attractions of this paradise of healthful, active living as a happy hunting ground for the sportsman with rifle and gun.

Of his experience with Stony Indians as guides on the eastern side of the

tween Europe and Asia, even the average well informed layman has but the slightest knowledge.

It is no light or easy task to compress within the limits of a single volume for general reading more than eleven centuries of crowded, strenuous and significant history, yet Mr. Ford has succeeded in doing this, sacrificing in the account only the ecclesiastical controversies, whose political bearing, even, he considers entirely secondary to the empire's work as "preserver of civilization and rearguard of Europe." One learns with interest from his preface that his purposes to publish at a later date a larger history of the empire.

The founding of Byzantium in 660 B. C., and its history down to its destruction by Septimius Severus in 196 A. D.



THEODOROS IMPERATOR.

(From the painting by Val Prinsep, R. A., reproduced in "The Byzantine Empire.")